

John McGraw Tells of the Baseball Player's Life.

A Chat With the Manager of the Giants at the Polo Grounds. :: ::

Those who have watched the fortunes of the champion Giants realize that it would be a hard task to equal the work of John J. McGraw, the field leader. Under his tutelage the men have developed a system of team work which is as smooth as the running of a well lubricated machine.

New York fans—a word which a woman investigator learned by careful inquiry is short for fanatics—are not satisfied to accept results merely. They are interested in the artistic side of baseball as well and they never get tired of comparing the work of Manager McGraw's men with that of other players because such a comparison gives them a certain mental satisfaction, almost as great as that which may come when the crisp bank bill is exchanged for a handclasp at the end of the game.

While waiting to ask Manager McGraw how he accomplished such results, the woman investigator saw the sights at the Polo Grounds. She was informed at the start that as the finished production on the stage is the easiest part of the work of producing a great spectacle, so the work of the team, beginning at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, gives little idea of what has preceded it in strenuous endeavor. At the Polo Grounds not only do the players rehearse or practice each morning, but a small army of employees are kept busy at their tasks of getting the grounds in readiness for the diamond battles later in the day.

Next she learned that the Polo Grounds own a couple of mascots. One is Cherry, a small boy who drifted there from some unknown place, who could answer no questions in regard to parentage or reason for being, but who fitted himself into the life of the club as easily as if that had been the underlying reason for his existence. The other is the famous dog Happy, whose antics are the delight of the team and who can give many a player points about the manner of reaching a base.

Her guide next pointed out the secret door in the grand stand that few of the spectators who visit the field know any-

thing about. The door is situated behind the bench occupied by the Giants. It was put there for the protection of the players from their friends.

It sometimes happens, the woman was told, that after an exciting game the over-

therefore, the way for their escape was provided, so that they might get away without being trampled upon by thousands of mad Gothamites whose self-control had been shattered by the hot finish in the last inning.

In the clubhouse is one of the most thoroughly equipped baseball libraries in the country. Manager McGraw is a student of systems as well as of muscle. In another room the visitor saw the shower and plunge baths, which are part of the system for keeping the team in good physical trim. The heating system of the clubhouse is designed to do away with any ill effects that the men might feel after their return in the spring from the annual Southern training.

The gymnasium is equipped with a billiard table and various other games, but does not look as if it was much used, the truth being, as Mr. McGraw afterward said, that he is not a believer in gymnasium work when



ASSIGNING THE POLICEMEN TO THEIR POSTS zealous fans in their desire to do full justice to the occasion really jeopard the lives of the players by picking them up, carrying them about and in other ways showing their appreciation. Naturally, while the Giants are like the rest of their kind in enjoying applause, they draw the line at the point of safety. As a matter of precaution,

open air exercise is available, as better and quicker results may be obtained there.

In the room of the physical trainer there are distinct odors of wick hazel, ammonia and anesthetic. Bundles of bandages are in plain view—all designed for use in event of injury to one of the players.

Mr. McGraw came into the office after the building had been closely examined and stood at attention, with the air of one who is better adapted for action than for being interviewed. He admitted at once that this was the case with him, and admitted with unsmiling lips.

"I must have refused," he began, "but when Cherry said that there were ladies,

Next to being an umpire, it would seem to the uninitiated that managing the muscles of a champion team must require about as much self-control and determination as the average man is capable of. Mr. McGraw's appearance does not contradict this conclusion.

He is little above medium height, with the stockily built frame that marks the average player on the diamond. He is smooth shaven, with dark hair and eyes, deeply set under a brow which, in conjunction with the rigid shape of his lower face, gives him a strongly marked individuality. His sentences are terse enough to telegraph and there is no undecoded "perhaps" or "possibly" in his verbal equipment.

"The reason I stopped playing? I have been out of it for three years. I think it is a good thing for a man to know when to stop.

"If he don't it is only a question of time when some one will have to tell him and that is a good deal harder to stand for a man who is fond of the game and has been successful. If you go yourself, you have no regrets."

"I worked my way to the management after I played actively for fifteen years. I commenced when I was 15."

"What is the active life of a professional baseball man?" was asked.

"I see no reason why, if a man takes care of himself, he should not play for twenty or even twenty-five years. Naturally, that depends on the time a man begins. If he starts in while he is still in his teens he has a better chance of continuing, for his muscles are earlier hardened and his whole form is better than if he waits until he is 23 or 24."

"How does a man know?"

"The thin lips tighten a little."

"Well, I tell him—if I have to. As a general thing a man knows when he is giving way; he knows it by the record he makes, and he does not wait to be made aware of the fact that others know it as well."

"Most of the men on the teams are engaged in other pursuits. There are a school teacher, a lawyer, dentist, clerk and other professions represented. After the work on the League for the season is over the men go back to their homes and resume their other work for the rest of the year."

"When he gives up the work on the team if he has no regular trade or profession to fall back on, he is by no means at a loss, for there are always exhibition games where the men get good prices. He can coach, and the probability is that he has saved enough money to go into business or learn a trade."

"What system do I employ for the men?"



CHERRY, THE ASSISTANT TRAINER.

Simply what we call team work. The individual is a unit merely. His work is subordinated in the general scheme of things to the good of the whole. He has no preferences which are consulted as to his place, no special praise is given him and no particular blame.

"The only way for a company of men to achieve anything, whether it happens to be in baseball or in some other work, is to forget that they have any predilections and remember that the honor of the organization is in their hands. As soon as a man puts personal ambition ahead of anything else, just so soon he spoils the harmony of the entire arrangement."

"What is the attitude of the team when a game is lost through the error of a single player?"

"There is no attitude any more than there is when a game is won. If a man is conscientious in his work and has done his best, that is all that could be expected by the most rigorous manager. It is only when a man plays repeatedly in error that the knowledge comes that he must be dropped."

"What are the requirements of a player?"

"First of all I should say without hesitation that I would demand speed. After that comes general fitness. He must have good sight for the ball, too. In fact, good eyesight is almost as essential as speed."

Mr. McGraw pointed out a broad, green fence, between two portions of the grandstands at the southern end of the field.

"Baseball is the most scientific game of any, more so than cricket, although you would have hard work in persuading an Englishman of that fact. It is claimed by some that the American man cannot be satisfied with anything in the shape of sport which has not the element of danger in it; the more he balances himself on the edge of a chasm, the better he is satisfied."



HAPPY HAVING A LITTLE FIELD PRACTISE.

"When those grandstands were built there was no space between them," he said. "The stands formed one huge structure, like the one at the opposite side."

"After a time it was discovered that the catcher facing that particular part of the field found difficulty in placing the ball. All he could see was an expanse of white faces and against that background the ball soon got out of vision."

"This defect in the field became so conspicuous a feature of the game that the authorities finally chopped down a good portion of the stands, fitted the remaining portions into two stands and in the vacant space erected that broad fence, which was painted a dark green."

"Now, when the ball is ready for the catcher, he has not that mass of moving faces in which to look for it. It seems a little thing, but it meant a great deal to our men."

"What teams are the hardest to play against?" was asked.

"I think the national game disapproves that. It is a healthy, wholesome game, without one element of hysterical excitement."

"Besides, it does not attract the gambling part of the community like horse racing and many other sports, nor is it a trial of brute strength merely, as football. It is a matter of brains as well as brawn and the men that play the professional game prove this, for they are educated men, even cultured, in some instances, gentlemen in society and gentlemen toward each other on the field."

"The enthusiasm of New Yorkers to-day is almost as great in the work of the Giants as it is in their own business interests. For many years it was taken for granted that the Giants would finish low in the championship race, and pride in the team was at a very low ebb."

"Love of the sport still remained, however, and after we had released players whose services were no longer required, and filled in with men who had a record, it did not take the fans long to realize that they had a team for whom they could feel some esteem. Slowly but surely what baseball men were pleased to term a baseball man was transformed into a beehive of enthusiasm."

Men Servants in Bright Array

Fancies in Liveries of New York Families—One With a Monopoly—A Custom Mr. Roosevelt Took to Washington.

When President Roosevelt went to live in Washington he carried along with him a custom observed by many old New York families, and it has become a part of his official life. When he goes out driving his house servant, wearing a dress suit and a striped waistcoat, sits on the box of the carriage.

The servant is not exclusively a footman, at least he is not usually in New York, but is one of the men servants in the house. To this day, in spite of the great increase of wealth and luxury, there is nothing smarter than the habit of having one of the servants ride on the box of a carriage.

The ordinary house servant's dress suit is in cut almost like that of his employer, except that the opening at the neck of the waistcoat is much shorter and there are usually four or five buttons. The striped waistcoats come in black and yellow, blue and white—the colors the President uses—red and black and black and brown.

These same suits are worn when a house servant serves at the table or in the house when the family does not boast a butler. A real butler is the only servant who does not wear some kind of a livery.

That applies, however, to the genuine butler, not to the butler that does all the work in the dining room. A real butler in an establishment boasting a large staff of household servants wears a simple black broadcloth dress suit. At luncheon, he wears a black waistcoat and at dinner a white one.

There is nothing about his dress to distinguish him from the guests unless it be the quality of his jewelry. He is expected to wear simple white buttons in his shirt and not pearls. The ordinary footman is described always as the butler in houses that have but one man.

Some of the house liveries of the wealthy families here are as magnificent as if they were in Europe. Down on Long Island a young matron has five of her house servants dressed on gala occasions in a livery of black and blue coats that fall to their

knees behind.

They wear white waistcoats, red velvet breeches and white silk socks. The aiguillettes are white, the embroidery on the coats is black and the silk stockings are white. There are silver garters for the stockings and silver buckles on the pumps, and on the silver buttons sprinkled over the coat there is the monogram of the family.

These suits cost \$100. The men who wear them do not serve at dinner, although they are in the dining room.

All the waiters for large dinners are brought in and they serve the meal under the direction of the butler. These waiters wear black suits. When there is a small dinner, for twenty persons or less, the meal is served by the men in the house, who wear a dark gray suit with the striped waistcoat.

At another house on Long Island the five men who wear the family livery on state occasions are seen in bright red cloth coats, black velvet breeches and black silk stockings. The buttons on the coat are gilt and bear the family coat of arms and the embroidery and aiguillettes are black. This cloth is made in England for this family and cannot be duplicated. Another livery in a family that employs three of these spectacular servants consists of a dark green cloth coat, embroidered in black, black velvet breeches and black silk stockings.

The more usual livery in New York families, even when they are very wealthy, is the ordinary servant's dress suit, which may be dark blue, brown, maroon or green, with the striped waistcoat. Sometimes epaulettes of the color of the cloth or black to contrast with it are used.

Men dressed in this way are always ready to take their place on the box. They are not expected to wear overcoats except in very cold weather, and they present rather a pitiful sight sometimes.

Some New York families have their particular color of livery, but only one is assured of a monopoly of its choice—the family referred to as having its special cloth manufactured in England.

The Vanderbilt liveries are wine colored, but many of their friends use the same shade. The George Gould liveries are claret colored coats with cerise collars. Black liveries with pale blue and cerise collars or with pale gray collars have been popular this spring, and at Newport gray liveries with white collars are considered appropriate for summer wear. They would

be thought rather loud for New York.

In the case of some horsewomen there are several kinds of liveries. Miss Morosini ordinarily has black liveries and bright red collars, but when she drives her famous spike team she has her men wear royal blue coats with light blue collars.

Men who are rich enough to have racing stables often make their coachmen, even if they are not equestrian in their tastes, wear liveries that combine the racing colors of the house.

However magnificent their liveries may

be, servants in this country are never required to wear white wigs, although the elaborate liveries described by Miss Morosini and her friends really require this accompaniment. Such servants as these would in France and England go out on the box of the carriage with the coachman, but nothing of that kind has been seen on Fifth avenue as yet.

The general tendency of city vehicles now is toward simplicity, and only in the velvet collars of the drivers and the grooms is there any color to be noticed. The

liveries are all very dark.

This same tendency to simplicity and elegance is also to be noticed in the carriages and their trappings. The day of clanking chains, for instance, has passed, and it is difficult to realize that not many years ago it was smart to put at the side of each horse's head a bunch of artificial flowers.

Every horse in the Park used to be ornamented in this way, with snowballs as the special favorites. What would be thought of such adornment now?

When the show was presented it seemed likely that it would have a fair share of success. The angel was delighted and sat around the office of the theater making imaginary road tours for Companies Nos. 2, 3 and 4.

The first week the business was good. The second week it fell off some, but not enough to scare the angel. The third week began badly, and the company played mostly to persons who came in on passes. The weather had become very warm, and the people who go to the theater in the summer are few.

At the end of that week the angel was uncomfortable. The rent of the theater had to be paid in advance at the end of the fourth week, and the angel had not a cent to his name.

The run therefore ended suddenly and the scenery and costumes were put in storage, where they still remain. The Bostonian went home a wiser man, and kept out of theaters for two years. No one could induce him to invest in a theatrical venture again. His experience is that many men who have been angels but who have not had money.

As a rule one experience as an angel is enough for a man. Many an angel who has been plucked by a manager becomes so disgusted that he hates the sight of a theater. There lives such a man in Boston. This Boston man dropped \$50,000 on a summer show at a Broadway theater. He had

the admission of a man in the divorce court the day that he had lost \$50,000 in backing the comic opera "The Isle of Champagne" must have been interesting to other men who have lost money in similar ventures. The man who made this avowal was a first rate example of the theatrical angel.

The angels who make money in theatrical ventures are few and one seldom hears about them. It is the men who drop big bank rolls and stop handing out their cash suddenly that get their names into print. Their identity becomes known sooner or later when civil actions are begun against them for book salaries of performers and for printing bills.

One hears less about theatrical angels now than formerly. Perhaps one reason for this is that the drama is on a better business basis. It is not unusual for plain, hard-headed business men to invest money in theatrical ventures simply because they see a chance to make money.

For the most part their money is in playhouses, but some are willing to take a chance on productions. The man with money who interests himself in production and who knows his business simply puts up a lump sum, an agreed upon amount to be put up by his partners in the venture. If the production is a failure he loses, and if it makes money he receives his percentage of the profits.

If the show is a winner his profits are large and they extend over a period of years. If the play is a big success it may run in this city all or the most of the season, and two or three companies can be presenting it on the road in the meantime. It frequently happens that the road stars

Showdown of Hands at the Station

An Elevated Railroad Ticket Seller's Observations of Passing Human Nature.

"In the matter of studying human nature I think we have the advantage over most people, for we can study the hand," remarked the ticket seller at an upturned elevated railroad station one day last week. "I don't suppose most people notice it, but we rarely see a face."

"Our eyes are usually cast down, watching the coin or bill that is being passed through the window, and looking at the change pile ready to make change if necessary, and to count and hand out the tickets. We can almost tell the time by those hands. For instance, this saying goes:

Six o'clock workers.
Eight o'clock clerks.
Ten o'clock brokers.

"You see, when the hard, soiled, broken-nail hand with the dingy looking coat sleeve comes along, then we know it's 6 o'clock, and that the laborer is on his way down to his day's work."

"Then a little later comes the work or scrub woman. Now, there's a hand we all know, the hard, red, knotted hand, with the blue and white calico sleeve just visible through the window."

"Later on, about 7 o'clock, comes the shop girl. Her hand is usually fairly well kept, with a number of cheap, dazzling rings, prominent among them a solitary one on the third finger of the left hand."

"Along with her come the cash and the bundle girl, and office boy. Of course, we can tell them by the size of the hand."

"Later on, when the clerk at the downtown office appears, we know him at a glance. We have, as a rule, to make change for him, and a nicely kept hand and a highly polished nail, with a couple of gaudy rings on the little finger, tell us that it is 8 o'clock."

"Following him comes the stenographer, whose tapping hand on the window sill seems to tell us he is anxious to get down and take away his machine."

"Along with her come the heads of stock and food walkers, whose hands are always

"Then come the broker and bankers, and those hands we always know. They are soft and white, with carefully manicured nails, and generally carry a fine diamond ring."

"About the same time comes the shopper. There's a nervous hand for you, always with a quick, impatient jerk, as if there was but one train an hour and they must hurry to catch it."

"These hands are, of course, of different types. Nine out of ten wearing a wedding ring. Some of these hands are soft and white and jeweled, while others are hard and red, showing that the first is the wife of the broker, on her leisurely way downtown to indulge in many extravaganzas, while the latter is the wife of the day worker."

"You see, we know them all, though we seldom see their faces. Occasionally we glance up to see the owner of the hand and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred we are perfectly right in our judgment. We see the hand, and know the person in the course of a day that we get to know them, especially if we remain in one station any length of time, for most of the people travel back and forth regularly, and we see the same hands."

"In winter, of course, we don't see so many, as the women usually show us a glove, but most men slip off their glove so we are perfectly right in our judgment. We see the hand, and know the person in the course of a day that we get to know them, especially if we remain in one station any length of time, for most of the people travel back and forth regularly, and we see the same hands."

"Then, last of all, there's the hand we all dread, the quick, nervous hand which is usually very thin and a woman's and passes the coin through the window excitedly, regardless of the passenger waiting at the window for change. This hand thrusts the money through the window just as we are passing the change out to the waiting hand, and naturally there's a mix-up."

"The result is always a shortage in the count at the end of the day. That's the hand we call the butter-in, and we all dread it."